

Maggie Blough



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IS IT YOU?

THERE is a child — a boy or girl,
I'm sorry it is true —
Who doesn't mind when spoken to:
Is it you? It can't be you!

I know a child — a boy or girl,
I'm loth to say I do —
Who struck a little playmate child:
I hope that wasn't you!

I know a child — a boy or girl,
I hope that such are few —
Who told a lie — yes, told a lie!
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy — I know a boy,
I cannot love him though —
Who robs the little birdie's nest:
That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is — a girl I know,
And I could love her, too,
If 'twere not that she's proud and vain:
That surely isn't you!

THE Rev. Leigh Richmond, on being urged to write in an album, if it were but two lines, inscribed the following: —

"Can two lines teach a lesson from above?
Yes; one shall speak a volume, — *God is love!*"

BELLA'S PRAYER.

DEAR little Bella was eight years old, and since her father died, her mother's chief earthly comfort.

Mrs. Fanning's widowed heart turned to Christ; she said in those first lonely weeks all she could do was to hold fast to the promises, especially to one, — "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Mrs. Fanning had taught Bella to pray, and to expect an answer in the Lord's good time.

Bella used to say, "When a lesson was hard, and I could not understand it, I just told God all about it, and when I studied again, the lesson somehow was easier."

Perhaps you remember the severe snow-storm that occurred several winters ago? The flakes came down so thick and fast, it was hard to see across the street. Mrs. Fanning hesitated about letting little Bella go to school; but she wanted to go so much, and then it did not snow quite so hard early in the morning; so she buttoned on her little coat, tied the hood, and kissed the sweet little face underneath, breathing a prayer that God would bring her darling safely home again.

Bella started off through the snow, laughing as the feathery flakes came down into her face, and lodged on her eyebrows and hair.

When she arrived at the school-house, she found only one other little girl there. Miss Low lived with a family in the same house; she heard them read, and Bella was nicely warmed, and had a frolic with kitty.

Then Miss Low thought she had better go home, as the snow was getting so deep. The little coat was put on again, and the child started all alone.

Miss Low had not the least idea how deep the drifts were, or she would not have let her go.

The child tried to flounder through the deep snow, but it was up to her waist, and the cold pitiless wind blew, and she could not tell what made her fingers and toes ache so.

And somehow it did not seem like the right street, and little Bella began to cry; then a comforting thought came into her mind, — God will hear me!

And she prayed, "O Lord, please make it stop snowing, and have a path all clear for me to go home; for Jesus' sake. Amen."

And little Bella expected it would stop snowing right away, and a path would be all cleared to her very door.

But the flakes came faster and thicker, and the wind seemed to howl as if making fun of poor little Bella's troubles. She began to cry bitterly, and think the Lord had forgotten her. But had He?

O no. His kind fatherly care was over the little stray one all the time. It was not His will to stop the storm, or have an angel come down and clear a path to her door. But He prompted a good man to look out of his window, just as little Bella sank exhausted in a huge drift in front of his door.

He went out, lifted her carefully, and brought her in, a little white bundle, for the snow clung to her coat, and to her shoes. He put her down before a great roaring fire, and brushed off the snow, and rubbed the little benumbed fingers in his warm

hands, and wiped the tears away. His wife brought a nice warm cooky, just out of the oven.

Bella, sitting in a little rocking-chair, told where she lived, and how she lost her way, and how she prayed to the Lord to stop the cold snow coming down so thick and fast.

"But He didn't," added little Bella; "it snows now."

"But He sent me to the window, my little lamb, and there I saw you lying in the drift. In a short time you would have been all covered up, and it would have been too late to save you."

"But here you are all right, and I am going to carry you home, for mother will be anxious about her little girl."

So little Bella was all wrapped up, carried home, and placed safely in her mother's arms.

Bella told her how God did not stop the snow coming down when she asked Him, but sent the good man instead.

And her mother clasped her to her heart, with grateful tears in her eyes.

She told her she must always trust in Him, even if His answer to her prayer was not just what she expected.

He would always hear and answer in His own good time and way. *

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1871.

TREES AND CHILDREN.

THEY are very common sights. As I look from my window now I see both, but I look at them with very different feelings. The breezes blow softly through the branches of the trees, and I am thankful for their shade, and for their beauty.

I close my eyes. Imagination and memory carry me immediately away from Boston. I am on a bluff on the shore of Lake Superior. A Sunday-school is before me. There are many children singing, and they say, —

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea."

Their bright faces tell of the joy that is in their hearts as they praise the Creator of the beauties of nature, and thank Him for that greater gift of his only Son.

Again I shut my eyes, and imagine myself on the banks of the Mississippi. I am following a cheerful throng of children, as they enter the basement of a fine stone church. There are large rooms, and many pupils. In the midst of all is the superintendent's table. I hear the Bible read, and then they all unite their voices in saying "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name!" A chorus pours forth a sweet hymn, and I see them all fall to studying the lesson.

I let imagination take me again, and as the soft rays of the setting sun gild the hills about a little Massachusetts valley, I enter another children's church, and again I find many a child at home in the Sunday-school. It is a neat room, with a not very large number of boys and girls on the benches. Every face is bright, and every look is earnest. Besides the boys and girls, I see several classes of young men and young women, others in middle life, and one or two large classes of old people. There are grandchildren, and grandparents, and they have the same lesson — they sing the same song. Listen with me. What do they sing? It is this: —

"Jesus the water of life will give
Freely, freely, freely;
Come to that fountain, O drink and live,
Freely, freely, freely.
The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come!'
Freely, freely, freely;
And he that is thirsty, let him come
And drink of the Water of Life.
The fountain of life is flowing,
Is flowing for you and me!"

Once more I close my eyes, and that wonderful faculty, imagination — more wonderful than any enchanted carpet — takes me away. I find myself this time in a grove in New Jersey, not far from

New York. There are banners and benches and happy-faced children under the trees. A clergyman is addressing the Sunday-school, and as I listen, the story of the cross is told — that old, old story; but that it is not without interest is shown by the bright eyes and eager looks that are directed towards the speaker. One after another the speakers speak, hymn after hymn the children sing, and while the grove is alive, and the air rings with the echoes of cheerful voices, I ask myself, "What is the charm children own, that the trees above them cannot boast?" We love the graceful green trees, we admire the grand old oaks, but how much more do we love and admire the sweet boys and girls they shade!

When a man puts an acorn into the ground he expects some one to see an oak rise, and rejoice many hearts after him. But it is not forever.

Let one put a seed of truth into one of the hearts under these trees, and who can tell its influence? The seed grows, the boy grows, and the man tells — how many? — of the truth he knows. True, the oaks have seeds, and they may spring up. Thus other oaks may grow, grand in their beauty, and grateful in their shade, but they are planted on earthly soil. The seed of truth, sown in immortal minds, will bear fruit on heavenly ground, and eternity only can tell the result.

Children, what makes you of more importance than trees?

ON the last page of this number of our paper there will be found a series of six cuts, illustrating one of the parables of the New Testament. The editor wishes his young readers to write out the parable in their own words. If any succeed in doing this very well, he would like to have them send their work to him, addressed to Box 211, Boston. The best one shall be printed in a future number of *THE CHILD AT HOME*, provided it is short and carefully done.



A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say!
O God! preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year;
And O! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And O! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother;
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day. AMEN.

RUTH.

THIS is the name of one of the most charming books in the Bible. It has only four chapters, and is almost hidden between Judges and First Samuel. It begins with mourning, and ends with a wedding and rejoicing. It contains one of the sweetest pictures of the love of a daughter for her mother; and it illustrates the truth that there is no condition in life, however un-



favorable, that is entirely hopeless, and that a devout trust in God will not be disappointed.

It is a picture of common life, such as any of us can understand, and exhibits examples of faith, piety, patience, humility, industry, and kindness. Let us read it, and study it, and learn by heart those words of Ruth to Naomi, that every one ought to know: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Ruth means a friend, and Naomi, pleasant. Were they not well named?

Ruth was the great-grandmother of King David, and is one of the four women who are named by Matthew in the genealogy of Christ.

Children, do you love your mothers as much as Ruth loved Naomi?

N.

THE RABBI'S SERMON.

GOING into a synagogue on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, I heard a sermon from Ex. xxxii. 26. The rabbi read the Hebrew, and translated it thus: "Who is on the side of the Lord? let him draw near to me."

This is strange, I thought. He gives out his text, and mentions the book, with the chapter and verse, as other ministers do.

He began his sermon by telling who spoke these words. It was Moses, the servant of the Lord. Then he spoke of the idolatry of the Israelites, and the appeal made to them to serve the true Jehovah. He besought the people still to remain Jews, and not to seek other religions; and he said Moses told the people that God would raise up a prophet like unto him, and they should hear him. "We know," he said, "that Joshua was like unto Moses." After exhorting them to abide in the Jewish faith, he

prayed that the Lord would unstop their deaf ears, open their eyes to see great things out of the law, and soften their hearts to believe the truth. "Break our chains," he pleaded, "and bring us out of slavery. Let thy peace shine on us like the sun. Sanctify our hearts. Sanctify our homes. Sanctify our children. Sanctify our work. Sanctify us for thyself."

When the Rabbi was praying this prayer, I prayed for them. It seemed to me that the Jews were praying for their own conversion. It is our petition that their ears may hear the words of Jesus, that their eyes may be opened to look on Him whom they have pierced, and that their hearts may become contrite, that they may believe in Christ. May the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings, arise and shine on them. And may the Holy Spirit sanctify their hearts, their homes, their children, their work, and sanctify them for Himself, that the children of Abraham may also be the children of Jesus.

MARSHALL.

AUNT ILSIE'S WEALTH.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.



AUNT ILSIE is very old. She does not know, nor can any one tell exactly how many years she has lived; but she used to lead her old mistress, "Miss Ann," who is sixty-five, when she first began to walk. "Den," Auntie says, "I was a woman grown, and had chillen myself."

She is very much bent, and the crinkled wool on her head is white as snow, where it peeps from under her plaid handkerchief. In her ears she wears a pair of immense gold hoops, which she tells you with pride that her husband gave her, in the long gone days of her youth. Through all sorts of troubles she has kept her great golden ear-rings, and she counts them an important part of her wealth.

"But I've got something 'sides them, Missie," she told me when I first saw her, "something nobody could rob me of. Once I come near losin' my ear-rings, but then I said to myself over and over, 'Dey can't get my Jesus.' 'My beloved is mine, and I am His.' I learned dat long ago, and I've got dat safe here," putting her withered old hand upon her breast.

Yes, Aunt Ilsie, you are happy, because you believe in Jesus. "Only believe," my friend and brother. "Only believe," poor tried and tempted one. "Only believe," you whom afflictions have sorely chastened. Nobody can ever rob you of Jesus.

It may seem an irreverence to some,—dear old Aunt Ilsie's way of reckoning her worldly and heavenly riches. She means none. To her, poor simple woman, the ear-rings stand for respectability, decent position, standing among her fellows. They are the token of the one bright spot in her weary life, proofs of her husband's devotion. But her eyes shine, and her voice softens, and her manner grows sweetly solemn, when she says,—

"I always had my Jesus."

BIRDS' NESTS.

"Birds have their quiet nests,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest;
But Jesus had not where to lay his head."

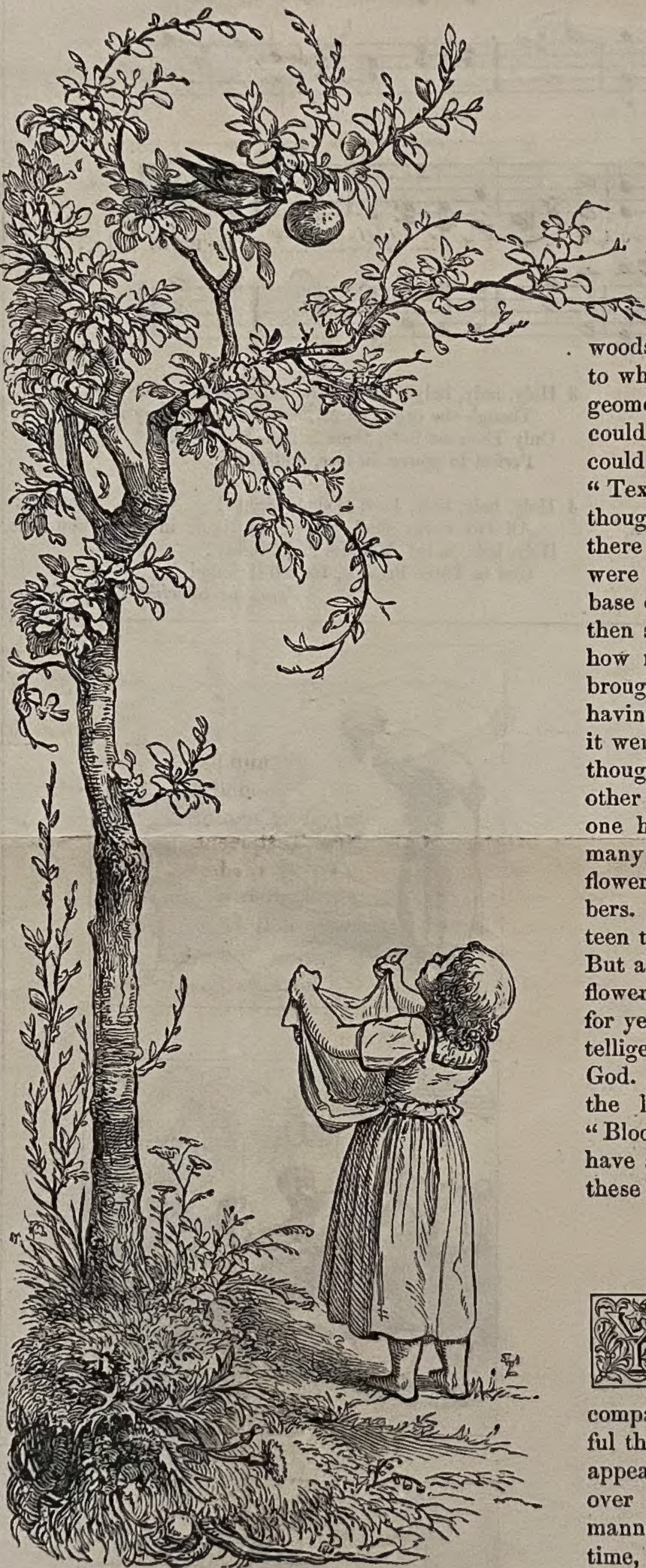


HERE are four of us in our family,—papa, and his three girls. We live in the country, and love to walk over the fields together. We love to read hymns together too, especially when there are such sweet thoughts in them as there are in that one from which this verse is taken.

You don't know how sweetly the birds sing about our house in the summer! One day we all walked to the edge of the hill, and gazed away over the lake. Suddenly a lovely little bird flew up from the high grass before us. We thought there must be a nest near by, and so we stepped about very carefully, until we found a dear little one made of sticks and straws, and with four little speckled eggs in it. We watched it many days; and once when

we came there, we only found some small pieces of the speckled egg-shells. So we knew the little birds had all gone away, but we never knew where they went.

Next year we saw a bird fly out of a little yew-tree that is just by the croquet ground, and we were sure there was another nest there. The tree was not so tall as the shortest of us, but the nest was so nicely hidden among the branches that we could scarcely find it. It was one of the most comfortable nests we ever saw. There were eggs in this too, and after a while they were hatched, and the whole family flew away.



We have a great post by one of our gates. It is of chestnut wood, and is very hard, except in one spot, where there was a decayed knot. One spring a bird looking for a home came to this spot, and began to pick out the decayed wood of the knot. He picked away very diligently until he had got all the soft part out, and he did it very neatly too. When this was done, he was so far in the post that only the end of his tail was to be seen, but, poor fellow, he found all his labor was vain, for he could not turn about, and so he was obliged to back out, and go somewhere else to find a home! I pitied him so much that I almost cried, but it would have done no good.

This year a little nest was built inside of our

barn. It is away up high, so that we girls can only see it when we get into our wagon. It is made of sticks and mud, but I can't see how a bird can carry so much mud and so many sticks, and make a nest so nicely. Still, it is there, and I am sure the birds made it. I wish you could see the birds fly in and out of their nest, as I see them, when I go into the barn.

I think birds and their nests are very fine things to study. The little girl in this picture is looking at a bird, but cannot see its nest. What do you think she has in her apron? Is it some crumbs? I love to feed the birds, and even in winter the snow-birds come around our dining-room window to pick up the crumbs we throw to them.

This is what I think about when I read the hymn from which I have taken the verse at the head of my sheet. I do not like to think of foxes so well. Y.

"GOD GEOMETRIZING."



PLEASANT writer tells of a Texas gentleman who had the misfortune to be an unbeliever. One day he was walking in the woods, reading the writings of Plato. He came to where that great writer uses the phrase, "God geometrizing." He thought to himself,—If I could only see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer. Just then he saw a little "Texas star" at his feet. He picked it up, and thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens, and there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that was very strange. He examined another flower, and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around him were multitudes of these little flowers; they had been growing and blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, and picked up the little flower, and kissed it, and exclaimed, "Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds; you have a God and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me!" — *Bright Side.*

HOME MANNERS.



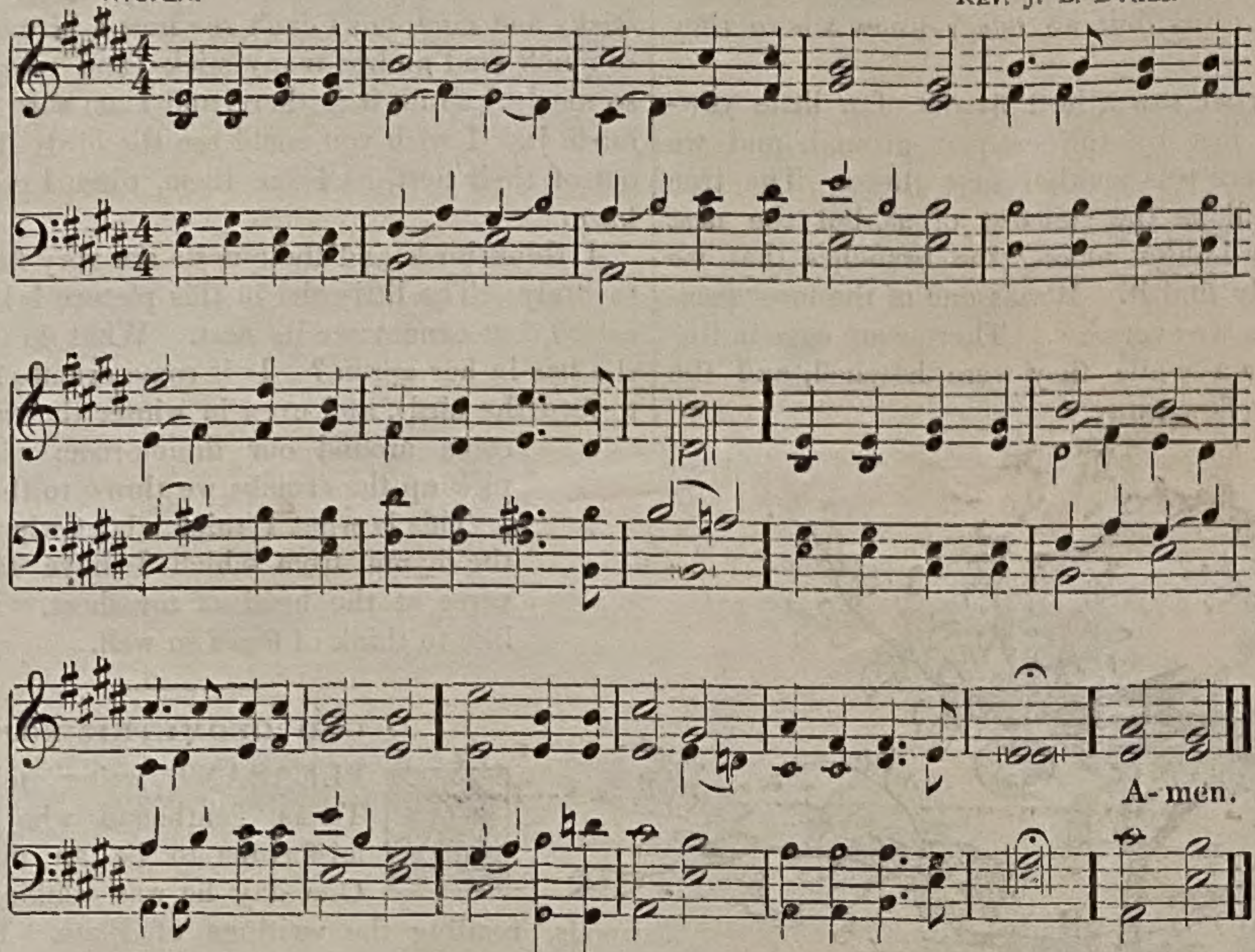
YOUNG folks should be mannerly. How to be so is the question. Many good boys and girls feel that they cannot behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They feel timid, bashful, and self-distrustful the moment they are addressed by a stranger or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling, and acquire graceful and easy manners; that is, to do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse, rough manner at home, begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those who are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially for good manners.

Serve the Lord with gladness.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

NICÆA.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! [and sea;
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

From the Sacrifice of Praise



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE AUGUST PAPER.

45. Judges vi. 36-38. 46. Judges viii. 16. 47. Matt. xiii. 7, 22. 48. Matt. vii. 16. 49. Matt. xxvii. 29. 50. 1 Sam. iii.

A SHARE IN THE CONCERN.—A little fellow gave to his companions, as a reason for his interest in a certain cause which was being discussed, and for which he had given twenty-five cents, that he had "a share in that concern."

THE editor desires to double the circulation of this paper before the new year opens. Who will help him do it? If he works hard to make a paper that children will love, he would be pleased to know that they work somewhat for the paper themselves. The more papers are sold, the better they can all be made. If the boys and girls will get us new subscribers for THE CHILD AT HOME in colors, they will help us very much. Let us have an agent in every school and town. There is hardly a place in the country where some new subscribers may not be found, and the publishers offer such generous premiums that we are sure it will pay to make an effort. Remember that ours is the only paper printed in colors. Send for sample copies, if they are needed, and they will be promptly forwarded. Will not our many friends help us?

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK-CASE.

In this corner of the paper, we mean to give from month to month a list of such books published by the **American Tract Society** as we think the children would like to put in a row on their book-shelves. Any one who had these books would have a very bright set, and from our list he could add each month some others. We give the prices for convenience, and any one who wishes to buy a book, has only to inclose the price in a letter to H. O. HOUGHTON & CO., RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., or HURD & HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, and the book will come by return mail.

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We have a paper called "THE CHRISTIAN BANNER," which is for the older Sabbath-school scholars. It is much larger than THE CHILD AT HOME, is filled with good and interesting reading, and has several columns for the little folks. It has also Bible Recreations for Sabbath evenings at home. Forty copies a year for \$6.00.

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